

This is a prosperous year, and you can share in the profits of the paper if you make plenty of guesses.

ESTABLISHED 1877-NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1901.

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## ROUGH RIDING ON THE PLAINS

30 Years Ago. A Trooper's Story.

By ROBERT MORRIS PECK.

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After coming into Fort Leavenworth last Fall (1871) we heard vague rumors of the Mountain Meadows massacre in Utah, where a number of emigrant families were butchered by a gang of Mormons, led by some of the "pillars of the church," and sanctioned—if not ordered—by Brigham Young himself.

It was thought at the time we heard of it, and for some time afterwards, that that heinous slaughter was the work of Indians alone; but subsequent investigation proved beyond a doubt that it was done by Mormons who had induced a few Indians to join them in order to make a scapegoat of the red men; and the trial of John D. Lee, the only one of the Mormons ever arrested and punished for the crime—20 years afterwards, seemed to prove that (as Lee testified) Brigham Young and several other leading men of the Mormons ordered it, approved it after the deed was done, and shared in the plunder.

The garrison of Fort Leavenworth this winter (1874 and '85) consisted of our regiment (1st Cav.), the 10th Inf., and several companies of the 4th Art., among the latter being Light Battery M. (the company that Private Buell subsequently wrote of in his story, "The Cannoneer"). I often saw and admired the soldierly First Sergeant, James Stewart, who had got to be Captain of the company when Buell served in it during the war.

At the time I saw the battery at Leavenworth the Captain (Phelps, I think was his name) was absent, the company being commanded by First Lieut. Howard. The Second Lieutenant's name, I think, was Grier Tallmadge.

(Capt. John Wolcott Phelps, resigned in 1880; was Colonel of the 1st U. S. Inf. in 1891; promoted to Brigadier-General; resigned in 1892. He had a splendid record as a soldier. Capt. Tallmadge died in 1892.—Ed.)

We also had Light Battery M. of the 4th Art., which was commanded by Thomas Moonlight, during the civil war, served with distinction as Colonel and Chief of Staff for Maj. Gen. Jas. G. Blunt, commanding the Army of the Frontier in Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas and the Indian Nation.

A prominent and attractive figure about Fort Leavenworth at this time was the Post Quartermaster, Capt. W. S. Hancock, of the 9th Inf., one of the finest-looking officers I ever saw. He well deserved the title, "Hancock," which was bestowed on him during the war of the rebellion.

I have before mentioned, the 1st and 2d Cav. regiments had been organized in '66. Each of the newly-appointed Captains was authorized to recruit his own company, and most of the companies were made up in the native States of the country.

Co. K, to which I with a number of other privates of Co. E, was assigned in the Spring of '68, had been originally recruited by its first Captain, Coffey, in the vicinity of Greenville, Mo. This Capt. Coffey was one of the best-looking men, a knife and pistol style of Southerner, and during the year that he had commanded Co. K he was in constant strife with some of the other officers of the regiment, on the verge of a duel; consequently he was given a hint that his resignation would be acceptable to the War Department, and he resigned and resumed his law practice at Greenville, Mo. At the breaking out of the war he, of course, joined the rebels, but never attained a higher rank than Colonel.

On joining Co. K we found its First Sergeant, James T. Cearnell, to be quite an improvement over the old Frenchman Co. E, but Cearnell was a different man. First Sergeant, either. He had been one of Capt. Coffey's neighbors. His occupation before enlisting had been that of a "contract" man, and he carried a "nigger-driver" with him to be a good First Sergeant.

Soon after our transfer to Co. K, while on the way to Utah, General Markwood, assisted by Corp'l Wesley Markwood being promoted to the first place, and Cearnell reduced to duty Sergeant.

During the war I came across a rebel document in which was announced the death of Capt. Jas. T. Cearnell, who was killed in action at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Aug. 10, 1862, while on the staff of A. J. Cook, who was killed at the battle of Pea Ridge, Aug. 7, 1862.

First Sgt. Wesley Markwood had ex-cutive and managing ability, was always fair in his treatment of the men, and won the respect of his officers; yet he had the soldier's failing of taking a spree occasionally, but was not an habitual drinker, and when on a "spree" was "wild and woolly" as they make 'em. He had served through the Mexican war in a company of Texas Rangers, had since put in two enlistments in the 2d Dragoon, and was thoroughly familiar with all phases of soldier duty.

The mounted men always assumed a superiority over the infantry, or "dough boys," as we called them, and when under the influence of liquor this feeling was apt to provoke a conflict. Although when sober he was always duly respectful to his superiors, Markwood, when "full," always assumed that a First Sergeant of cavalry ought to rank a "dough-boy" Lieutenant.

One day while on a spree he had mounted his horse and was staying about the garrison, when "Orderly," or First Sergeant's call was given. (This is the call at which each Orderly-Sergeant, or First Sergeant, as they are now called, goes to the Adjutant's office and gets his morning report, book and orders for details for the following day.)

He was one of the irrepressible kind, and was soon promoted to Sergeant, and First Sergeant again.

"DIRTY CO. H."

Probably in no condition of life does the adage of "like master like man" apply with greater truth than between the Captain of a company of soldiers and his men. The American soldier will average about the same as to soldierly material throughout the army, and is generally of a pliable sort that is easily molded into shape. It was noticeable in the service that a Captain who was a thorough soldier would have a soldierly lot of men; while one who was slack in discipline, slovenly and unsoldierly in appearance and manners, would allow his men to drop into his unwhimsical ways.

As an example of this we had a Captain in our regiment who was just the reverse of soldierly in dress, habits, bearing and everything. He looked and acted more like an old farmer than a military man; always untidy in appearance, careless, dirty, and indolent in his habits, and never seemed to take pride enough in his chisel to make him seem to be a military man. It is unnecessary to add that he was not a West Pointer; they don't turn out such officers there. He had been promoted from civil life through political influence. His company was so much like him that it was given the title of "Dirty H," which clung to the company long after Capt. Newby's death.

But I have every reason to believe that his men were as good material for soldiers as the average of the regiment. All they needed was a soldierly and efficient Captain. It took Capt. Newby several years to find out that he was out of his element in the army, and the only grateful act he ever did was to resign.

The reader will observe that I have gone backward somewhat in my story in alluding to persons and incidents at Fort Leavenworth the winter of 1875-8, prior to the starting West to the relief of Albert Sidney Johnston.

MASSACRE OF GRATTAN'S COMMAND.

Before reaching Fort Laramie we camped one night on the bank of the North Platte, and near our camp was pointed out to me a little stone-walled enclosure of about 10 by 20 feet. This little spot has a bloody history, being the place where Lieut. Grattan and 30 men of the 10th Infantry were killed by the Sioux, and this little stone wall incloses their grave, the whole party being buried together.

The story, as told to me by an old soldier who was at Fort Laramie at the time of the occurrence, is in substance as follows:

A large encampment of the Sioux occupied the ground on the river bank adjoining this large grave, and about where our command and mine now camp. The Indians had for some time previous been turbulent, insolent, and evidently desirous of some pretext for breaking their treaty with the Government and going on the warpath. Frequent complaints were made to the military authorities at Fort Laramie by Mormon and California emigrants of robberies and other depredations being committed by the Sioux on defenseless parties traveling the road.

About this time a party of Mormon emigrants, in passing by this Indian camp, was robbed of a cow by some of the Sioux, the Indians boldly driving the cow into their camp and butchering her. The Mormons went on to the Fort and reported the circumstances to the commanding officer.

The commanding officer of Fort Laramie detailed Lieut. Grattan and 30 men to proceed to the Indian camp and demand indemnity of the Sioux Chief, or that the Indians who perpetrated the robbery be turned over to the military authorities for punishment.

Lieut. Grattan's party, in addition to a howitzer, which they dragged by hand, it is but natural to suppose that Grattan had no orders to make an attack on so large a body of Indians with such a handful of men, but merely to make a formal demand, as directed, and then return and report the result; his arms to be used as means of defense in case the Indians attacked him. Grattan and his men started down the road, dragging their mountain howitzer, for the Indian camp, about 15 miles from Laramie, which they reached in due time.

The only information we have of what happened after their arrival at the village is the tale told by the only survivor of the party, a drummer, whose life was spared by the Indians because he had a Sioux squaw for his wife at Fort Laramie. The drummer's story is substantially as follows:

"Lieut. Grattan seemed to have filled himself with commissary whiskey before leaving the fort, taking a canteen full along as reinforcements. When the party reached the vicinity of the Indian camp they were marched up close to the lodges and halted on the little eminence which is now their grave. Grattan by this time, according to the drummer, was pretty drunk. He had the howitzer swung into position, bearing on the center of the village, and loaded. The Indians didn't seem to think that so small a party would dare to fire on them, and paid little attention to their movements, except to gather in idle curiosity near the soldiers.

Grattan, homesteaded and with much profanity, demanded to see the Chief. The Chief approached, and, through an interpreter, asked to know what the soldiers wanted. Grattan answered that he wanted pay for the cow killed by the Indians, or that the thief or thieves who took and killed her be turned over to him to be punished. The Chief refused to comply with these demands, and when Grattan declared that if the offender was not delivered up to him in five minutes he would blow down the fort with his demands, ordered it done, he himself sighting the piece so as to take off the tops of some of the lodge-poles.

The gun was fired, but the effect it produced on the Indians was very different from that expected.

The Indians made a rush for the little band of doomed men, but they could not reload the piece, and though they were muskets bravely, they were soon overpowered and butchered where they stood, the only one spared being the drummer before mentioned. He was ordered to go back to the fort and tell the fate of his comrades.

When a force from Fort Laramie was sent out next day to avenge the death of Grattan and his men, they found that the Sioux had decamped, after scalping and brutally mutilating the bodies of the dead soldiers, having stripped them of all their clothing.

The men from the fort sadly and sorrowfully dug the huge grave and buried their dead comrades.

Soon afterwards orders came from Washington for Gen. Harney to take the field and punish the Sioux for this and many other depredations, which undertaking was brought to a successful termination at the battle of Ash Hollow.

TERrible HANDSHIPS.

At Fort Laramie our command laid over a day to make some necessary repairs on wagons, etc. The fort is located on the north bank of the Laramie River, near its mouth, where it empties into the North Platte.

Laramie River is a nice, small stream (compared with the Platte), of clear, cold water, fed by mountain springs and melting snow. After leaving Fort Laramie we entered a rougher country, and lost sight of the North Platte for several days.

At Labonte Creek, which we reached on the 20th of April (1855), we were caught in a terrific snowstorm, that raged for nearly two days and nights, covering the ground to a depth of two-and-a-half to three feet. We lay here at this camp 10 days, the ground covered so deep in snow that we could not move the trains.

The weather was more intensely cold than any I had ever experienced. Wood was plenty—good, dry cedar and pine—but it was difficult for us to keep comfortable even with good fires in our tents. The next day after our arrival at Labonte (April 30), being our regular muster day, we were mustered, standing in line in front of our tents, in snow-croch deep.

"Yes," said Dave, "we won't have none of yer little dratted, good-for-nothin' Cincinnatis, and we won't take no more of 'em. We come to this way an' we'll just scare 'em outen the way an' go on till we find a reg'lar old man-eatin' grizzly, and we'll denounce 'em, and though we'll go into camp to git some help to fetch the bear meat."

Some fellow asked: "But what do you suppose the grizzly'll be doin' while you're downin' him?"

"Tryin' to climb a tree, I reckon," answered Dave.

"You just go on if you think there's no hereafter; but we'll find out who tried to climb a tree when you meet a grizzly."

A GRIZZLY HUNT.

We were not to be bluffed off by such chaff as this. We had been told that grizzlies were plentiful and to be had for the taking, and we were just about to take one. So we got permission from the Captain to go hunting next day, and as horses would be an encumbrance on a hunt, we decided to take a fire arm and a pack of traps.

Next morning at "boots and saddles" we saddled up our horses, Dave and I, with the rest, and then tying our sabers onto our saddles, we started out on our hunt. Sharp's rifles and Colt's knives and plenty of ammunition, we left our horses camp in one of the comrades and struck out bravely. The country was rough and hilly, and we were along the road. We could easily keep in sight of them, as the country is quite open, with the exception of the chaparral thickets along the creek. We were just about to take one of the grizzlies when we were prevented to carry matches and a little salt, as we calculated we would probably be hungry by the time we "downed" our grizzly, and we would make a fire and cook a little of the meat. We saw plenty of sage-hens, rabbits, and a few deer and elk; but Dave wouldn't listen to a proposition about any of these. He was just after a bear, and he was bound to have it.

It was getting near noon, and I ventured to remark that if we didn't find a grizzly pretty soon our dinner would be pretty thin. We had concluded to kill a sage-hen or rabbit for dinner and have bear meat for supper. Just then we came to a little creek in the thicket of scrubby brush. The banks for several feet from the water were covered with soft mud, and there in the mud, right in the path we were following, were several large and plain bear-tracks, and so fresh that they seemed to have been made only a few minutes. I, being in the lead, stopped short, and silently pointed out the tracks. From their size it must have been a grizzly that made them, and one of the largest kind. He had evidently come down to the water's edge to drink, and then turned and gone back into the thicket. I felt the hair rise on my head "like quills upon the fretful porcupine" to think that this huge monster was so close, and that very moment only a few yards off in the brush which was very thick and tangled, eyes and looking his chops in anticipation of the dinner he was about to have. Thought like lightning at once, and I couldn't write down in an hour, now, all that I thought in a minute.

I have many times in my life found it difficult to decide, in trying circumstances, what to do and how to do it; but I am happy to say that in this case I was moved by the same thought and impulse. There was no chance for an argument. We were a unit in thought and action. Not a word was spoken. We looked at the huge tracks just long enough to imagine the immense proportions of the beast that made them, and to note the direction they took on leaving the water, when we took the back track as quickly and quietly as possible.

(Continued on second page.)

and Springlike, and the grass was getting quite good. Our poor horses, mules and oxen seemed to relish it hugely.

Fort Laramie was founded by an old Dutchman and his family, who were going with us as far as we went on his road to Oregon. They were making the trip profitable, too, having four or five cows to draw their wagon instead of oxen. His wife and children milked the cows every evening, and readily sold all the milk to the soldiers and officers at a big profit.

For several days after leaving the Waggon House all the creeks on the road were up, from the melting of the recent snow, making our progress slow. Our commanding officer, Maj. Hoffman, of the 6th Inf., fearing that the Mormons would send out a party to destroy the North Platte Bridge before we reached it, detailed Lieut. David Bell and a detachment of cavalry to go on ahead and guard the bridge over any river which was doing us harm.

As we neared Utah it was thought necessary to take great care against a surprise by the enemy, as it was probable they would endeavor to prevent our supplies reaching Gen. Johnston.

At North Platte Bridge our company was detailed to act as rear-guard to the main train. This necessitated our traveling with them at night, as the bull trains frequently found it impossible to keep the company in the rear during the day. Our company also had to do all the guard duty for the bull trains, and as the guard had been increased considerably of late, to look after the company each night.

This we got one night in bed—the next on guard.

From North Platte Bridge it was about 55 miles to our first camp on the Sweetwater, near Independence Rock. This rock is a little mountain, standing all alone in the open prairie country. It is of a soft formation, and is covered by a heavy layer of water, which gives boiling and tumbling over a rocky bed. It doesn't seem to me that the water should be so hot, but the mountain being left standing to let the waters of the river pass through, for it is only about a half or three-quarters of a mile from the river, and the water is so hot that it is almost unbearable. The water is so hot that it is almost unbearable. The water is so hot that it is almost unbearable.

I made a trip of exploration up over the mountain at Devil's Gate. Scrubby cedars are scattered over the rocks, and near the gorge are several small, green, which seem to have been occupied as camping places by some parties, as indicated by the remains of the camp fires and horse-dung. Names and dates are cut in the rocks here also.

Game is abundant in this region, such as deer, antelope, and various kinds of small game, notably sage-hens, gray rabbits, etc., and those of our men who are desirous of that kind of pastime find much to occupy their sport and laborious exercise, with the addition of trapping a little danger now and then, incurred in the sport. Some of our hunters killed a prairie dog, and a few of the grizzly bear.

Sitting around our campfire one evening a lot of us were discussing the possibilities of the country, and one of our men, Dave H., concluded that now was a good time for us to distinguish ourselves by going on a grizzly hunt. "I don't know," said one of our men, "but I think it's a good idea."

At the close of the Assembly Mr. Keop took up his journey at the Point. Dr. Ashbel and Mr. Bettson had returned to Sumnerdale. Higbee remained. The worthy expression of his theories on the subject of the grizzly bear, and his continual with the various little journeys they occasioned. But the newness had departed from his words, and he was now a mere talker, and his words were now a mere talk, and his words were now a mere talk.

When Mr. Bettson saw Margaret his heart was full of love, and he was now a mere talk, and his words were now a mere talk, and his words were now a mere talk.

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## IF YOU MISS THE BULLS-EYE, YOU MAY HIT THE BULL—

That is, if you get up a club, extend your subscription, and buy books, and make plenty of guesses.

The bulls-eye can be hit. With a large number of guesses you may win this little fortune and enjoy the distinction of being the best guesser in the United States.

The comrades who have "good luck" in these contests are those who start early and get up a club. Now is the time to start the club, if you have not already started it.

In a little more than a month the winners will be printed. You may be among them if you start now and get up that club.

Do not wait until next week. Start now, and you will be surprised at the number of guesses you will have in this contest.

A WINNER'S "SYSTEM."

S. V. Glick, of Napoleon, Ohio, winner of the fifth prize, writes: "Many thanks for the check and for courteous and fair treatment while raising the club. To say I was surprised and pleased is putting it mild. Consider me strictly in the next contest."

"My system of guessing? I compared the Monday receipts for a good while back, and it seemed to me the receipts for Monday, March 25, might go as high as \$2,500,000 or as low as \$1,500,000. Then I arranged my 33 guesses within this limit, making the most of them around the midway point between the extremes."

"My war record? Oh, yes! Well, I was born in 1863, and sent father to war while I stayed at home and took care of mother. The occupations have been farmer, factory-man, grocer's clerk, painter, schoolteacher, Township Clerk, and at present I am Deputy Auditor of this county, having held the position since 1893. I was Captain of Ellis Camp, Sons of Veterans, in this county, for two years."

What were her sentiments toward Gilbert Sears?

"Mrs. Keop started to speak, her face pallid with rage and shame. Mr. Bettson checked her with an authoritative gesture."

"The mistake was a natural one. Also, it forwarded immeasurably the end I had in view. It forced Margaret to think seriously of her future and enabled me to see that she loved the young man though hardly conscious of it herself. I knew him to be worthy of her—of any woman, and the one object of my life has been to settle the feud which for so long has cast such a shadow on the reputation of Sumnerdale. All I could do, at most, was to work so that good should come out of evil. Sometimes the end seemed very far away; and at the time of Miss Lucy's death the path was indeed dark and tortuous. Then, when I knew Sears was to be here, I asked that Margaret might accompany the minister and his wife. Everything has come out as it should except—except this terrible thing."

"Mr. Bettson's voice trembled. Under the control of some overpowering emotion he was making a visible effort at restraint. Over since Mrs. Keop had referred to his relations with Margaret, he had spoken in a forced and unaccustomed manner very different from his usual suavity. His self-control had its effect on Mrs. Keop. She was staring at him, her hands rigid in her lap."

"You never meant to marry Margaret, then," she said at last. The words seemed to be formed with difficulty. "It is a terrible thing to have been deceived for so long. I had not been used for a long time."

"Mattie, I never wanted to marry but one woman, and she"

"Don't say it, don't say it!" cried Mrs. Keop, sinking to the floor as if he had struck her. "I know it, James! I know it! Half a year ago, after he introduced himself to Judge Vandevere, the one eminent attorney of this stronghold of county power, which, in spite of a hundred years of poverty, has been the center of the life of the hamlet, the worthy ex-Constable found himself in need of refreshment. It was procured, and he sat down to cool off. Judge Vandevere, with a look of annoyance, engaged in the Harry Hosmer case. 'Been to Canada?' asked Vandevere."

"Better. Burn the Dominion over and sift the ashes, and you may find him." "That's your opinion?" mildly. "The manager of the Sumnerdale mine repudiated some elaboration that he was ex-Constable engaged in the Harry Hosmer case. 'Been to Canada?' asked Vandevere."

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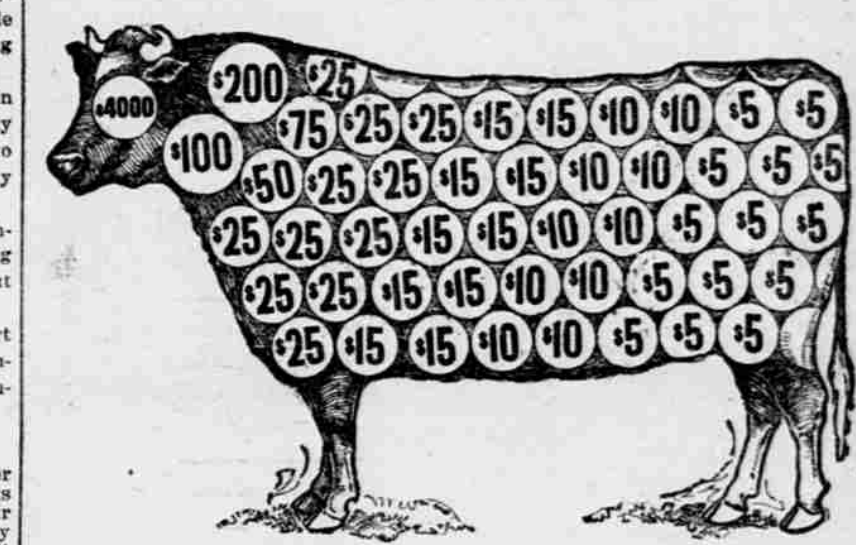
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Guess the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for Monday, May 27, 1901.

In the new contest \$5,000 is divided into 50 prizes, as follows:

- "Bulls-Eye" prize . . . \$1,000
- First prize . . . 200
- Second " . . . 100
- Third " . . . 50
- Fourth " . . . 25
- Fifth to 15th prizes, each . . . 25
- Sixth to 25th " . . . 15
- Seventh to 35th " . . . 10
- Eighth to 40th " . . . 5

We will award \$4,000 cash to any subscriber, club-raiser or book buyer lucky enough to guess the exact receipts of the

Any reader of this paper who neglects to make plenty of guesses is throwing away a big chance for profit.

## The Summerdale Brabble.

By ALBION W. TOURGEE.

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Almost another month passed away. Autumnal verandah had succeeded the summer drowsiness. The air was cool and fresh, and the sun was shining brightly. The afternoon was a deep green after a clear day. The seedling began to hide the dun of the stubble and the buckwheat fields lay Jasper-red on the slopes. The maples began to paint the woods with gold and crimson. The fallen leaves drifted unheeded along the paths of Chautauque. The crows were only a memory, and the footfalls of the occasional pedestrian echoed unheeded in the emptiness of the vast amphitheater.

The lake sparkled bluer and fresher after each autumnal storm. But Margaret Sears grew more white and wan as the long days of the falling year passed by, and no trace of her husband was found.

At the close of the Assembly Mr. Keop took up his journey at the Point. Dr. Ashbel and Mr. Bettson had returned to Sumnerdale. Higbee remained. The worthy expression of his theories on the subject of the grizzly bear, and his continual with the various little journeys they occasioned. But the newness had departed from his words, and he was now a mere talk, and his words were now a mere talk.

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U. S. Treasury—hitting the "bulls-eye," so to speak—for Monday, May 27, 1901. Whoever comes nearest will receive the first prize; the next nearest, the second prize; next nearest, the third prize, and so on to the forty-ninth prize.

These guesses must be received by us on or before Saturday, the 25th day of May—two full days in advance.

The condition for entering this contest is that during the months of April and May, you must send at least 25 cents to the paper as a subscription or in the purchase of a book. This entitles you to one guess. For each additional 25 cents spent for subscriptions or books, you are entitled to an additional guess.

Please note: All subscribers have had guesses in a number of contests. This time, the mere fact of being a subscriber does not entitle you to a guess. You must extend your subscription, or buy books, to the extent at least of 25 cents to be entitled to a guess, and raise a club.

The Club-Raiser: For every 25 cents you send in for subscriptions or books during the months of April and May, you are entitled to one guess. Each member of the club is also entitled to one guess for each 25 cents he spends. If a club-raiser does not care for his guess, the club-raiser can take that also.

Club-raisers can send in names and remittances at any time, and they will be properly credited. This contest is the club-raiser's chance. A club of fair size gives him so many guesses that he can reasonably hope to strike the "Bulls-eye."

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

RECENT TREASURY RECEIPTS.

These will show guessers how receipts run for Mondays at this time of the year 1901.

Monday, Jan. 7 . . . \$2,412,264.14  
Monday, Jan. 14 . . . 2,150,580.21  
Monday, Jan. 21 . . . 2,189,846.21  
Monday, Jan. 28 . . . 2,232,334.51  
Monday, Feb. 4 . . . 2,394,149.07  
Monday, Feb. 11 . . . 5,421,024.87  
Monday, Feb. 18 . . . 2,193,265.42